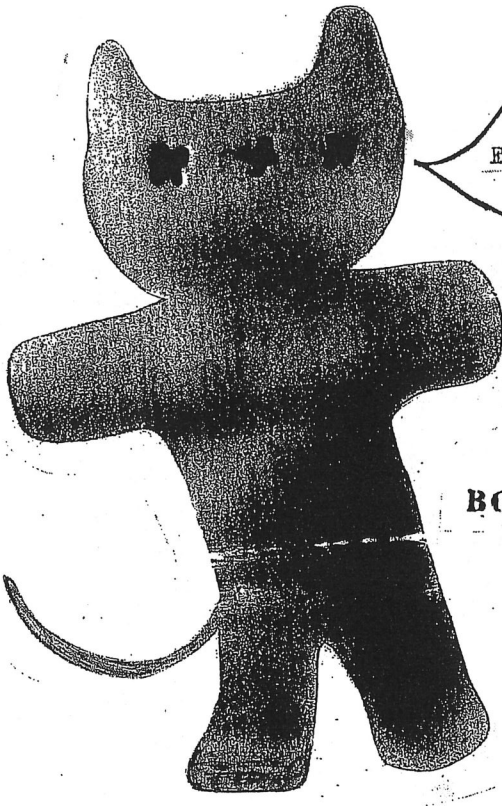
MUTINY

A PAPER OF ANARCHISTIC IDEAS & ACTIONS

NUMBER TWO

MAY 2006



MAY DAY 2006

BONOS PLASTIC REVELATION

POST-CRONULLA REFLECTIONS

SOLOMON ISLANDS

MARCHING BEYOND NON-VIOLENCE

FREE

Mutiny zine issue two. May 2006. Thankyou to contributors.

(The mutiny collective does not necessarily agree with all the opinions of the writers. Writers do not necessarily agree with all the opinions of the mutiny collective. The mutiny collective does not necessarily agree with all the opinions of the mutiny collective.)

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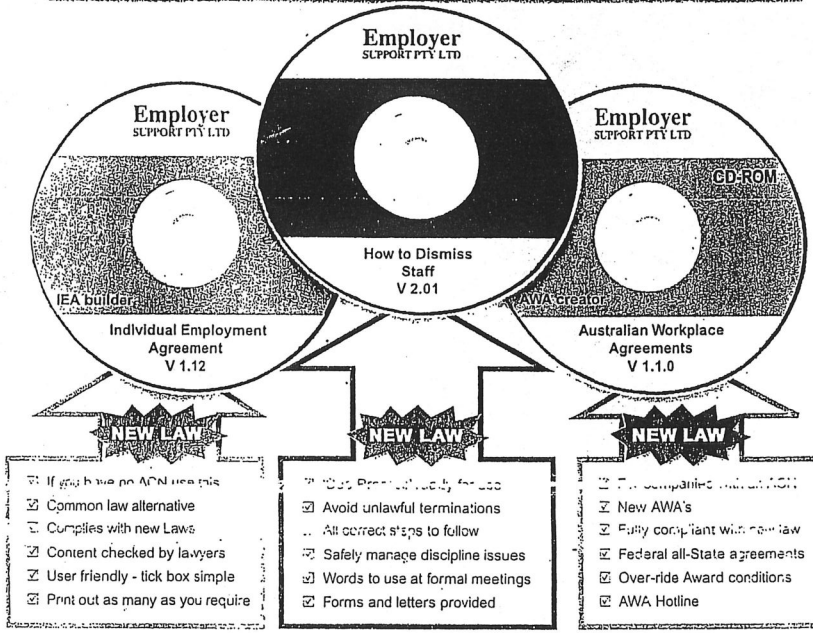


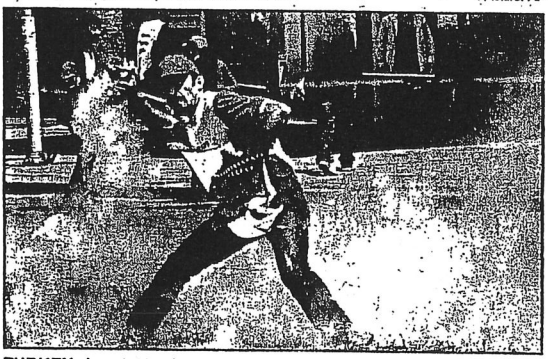
ALL 2006 UPGRADES *FREE* - NORMALLY SOLD FOR $121

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

Thank God you're in Australia ...

BERLIN: A May Day protester walks in front of a burning barricade after peaceful anti-Nazi demonstrations turned violent. *Picture: REUTERS*

ZURICH: Demonstrators run away as riot police use water cannons after the May Day procession in Switzerland. *Picture: AP*



TURKEY: A protester throws a gas bomb back to riot policemen during a May Day demonstration in Izmir Eagean. *Picture: AFP*

MAYDAY 2006

Mayday 2006 - 'A Day Without Immigrants' - was one of the most significant days of protest in USA history as millions of immigrants and allies in over 200 cities participated in a nation-wide strike. They chose to avoid the usual daily routine by boycotting work, school and refraining from making any purchases. Businesses around the country that rely on easily exploitable, cheap immigrant labour were forced to cease operations for the day. The protests were a continuation of months of intense opposition to the anti-immigrant bill HR4437 that passed in the House of Representatives in December 2005. The bill enshrines the criminalisation of illegal immigrants and pledges millions of dollars to shore up and build fences on the US/Mexico border. The biggest protests were in Los Angeles, Chicago, New York with hundreds of thousands shutting down these cities for the day.

From Europe to Japan people rallied with a focus on precarity- casual and undocumented workers, the unemployed and the ununionised. In Bolivia, Morales celebrated Mayday by sending in the troops to nationalise the oil fields. In Turkey Kurdish workers fought the police. In Chile, students continued weeks of protests against the privatisation of education. All over the globe, workers protested.

As the Daily Telegraph says, aren't you glad you're in Australia?

MARCHING BEYOND NON-VIOLENCE

by Bek

The ideas in this article have been going through my head for quite some time. The spark for their release was the May 12 student VSU/welfare demonstration, where the 'official leadership' of the student movement and sections of the so-called radical left actively discouraged collectively determined direct action, negotiated with police on behalf of the protest, and denounced 'violence' from their soap box. This article is not a personal criticism of those involved, or even of the student movement, but I think these examples are a useful springboard for looking at broader political questions.

The rally began at UTS with people politely listening to speakers. The Union President told us that we should make sure we were well behaved at the demonstration, and to not let ourselves be triggered into violence. This was so we wouldn't get 'bad' media coverage and have our 'message lost'. (We were also told "Student Unions built this country"... but I think that I just need to leave that alone for now).

These comments reminded me of being at primary school when we were told that if you are bullied you shouldn't fight back because then you are just as bad as them. It's as though if we resort to tactics thought of as 'violent', we are somehow reducing ourselves to a lesser form of resistance than if we were to stick to the standard respectable march down George Street.

There are two major strands of criticism that I have on the issue of 'violence'.

Firstly, when we disparage 'violent protest' we directly undermine a form of resistance that is the only avenue available to a number of oppressed groups across the world. The riots in Redfern and Macquarie Fields are examples of action in which communities who have no access to the 'legitimate means of change' provided by the social-democratic system so resisted through one of the only means they have available.

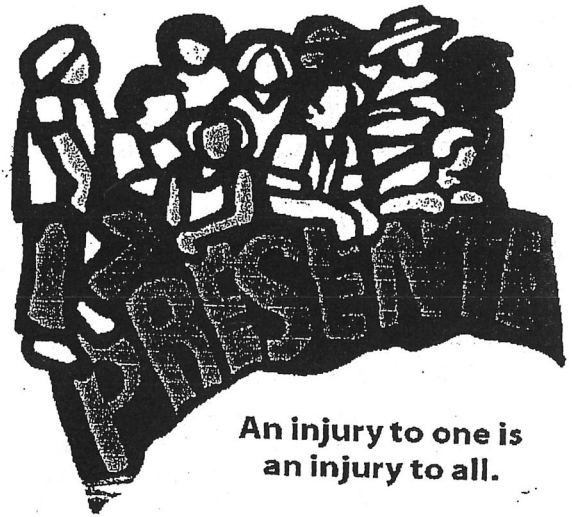
I'm not necessarily claiming these are 'pure' examples of highly politicised, democratic resistance, but they are examples of people standing up together against systemic oppression. To undermine this form of resistance illustrates confusion between violence as a means of domination, and the physical resistance of oppression, whether in the form of a riot, or direct action, or defending yourself against police brutality.

Secondly, it illustrates a failure to acknowledge the success of movements for change, both contemporary and throughout history. If we restrict ourselves to the 'legitimate' forms of protest set out for us by social democracy we will never get any further than a few short term concessions. We send a message that while we may be unhappy, we are prepared to keep our dissent within the confines of the system, so are only ever able to have wins when they sway the votes. We pose no threat to the system at all.

This is particularly so when we compromise on collectively determined decisions under the pressure of the police. This can undermine an entire movement by suggesting that if we compromise on a rally route we will compromise on demands, and inevitably we'll be well behaved enough not to be a threat.

We end up supporting the system by providing the spectacle of democracy without putting any pressure on the system. This gives legitimacy to the system, enabling our protest to be used as an example of the success that social democracy can bring when people protest 'the right way'. We are simply a vent, allowing the stresses of social democracy to be relieved. We contribute to this further when we cry that our legitimate, peaceful protest has been hammered by the police. We leave space to imply that if the demonstration was more violent or disruptive then police interference and violence may be justified.

This article is not claiming that the only useful form of resistance involves direct action or molotovs. What I wanted to suggest is that we need to think about our forms of protest and the associated language in the context of a broader struggle. This should ensure that our means are much closer to our ends and that we build solidarity in the process.



RAMSI: EVERYBODY NEEDS GOOD NEIGHBOURS?
AUSTRALIA IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

by Princess Mob

April 18: a crowd gathered outside parliament in Honiara, the capital of the Solomon Islands, to hear who would become Prime Minister. The man chosen, Snyder Rini, was not popular. For the crowd, Rini, who had been Deputy Prime Minister in the previous government, represented the old guard they thought they had rejected. There were rumours that he had gained his position through corruption, that votes had been bought by businessmen. They demanded his resignation.

The crowd surrounded the building and threw rocks at Rini's car as he tried to leave. The Australian troops from RAMSI (Regional Assistance Mission to the Solomon Islands) fired tear gas into the crowd.

There are reports that suggest that it was the tear gas that turned the demonstration into a riot. There are also reports that say that the wind was blowing the wrong way and the troops mostly gassed themselves.

The crowd stoned RAMSI officers and set 8 RAMSI vehicles on fire. About a thousand people rioted in the city. By morning, much of Chinatown had been burnt to the ground.

Chinatown was a target for anger because of links between Chinese businessmen and corruption, for its comparative wealth, and for its foreignness. Small shopkeepers and traders- both migrants and descendants of people who had migrated during colonial times- were the scapegoats for people angry at foreign economic and political influence in the country. RAMSI, the Australian led intervention force that has been in the country since 2003, is a major development in this international control.

It's the presence of Australian troops that makes the unrest in the Solomons news here. It should cause us to think about colonialism old and new.

The Solomon Islands gained political independence in 1978, but were left with an economy based on plunder. The natural resources of the islands- fish, forests and minerals- are extracted with little return for locals. Common land has been turned into palm oil plantations- and again, little of the wealth produced returns to the islands.

As commodity prices fell in the late 1990s and the nation grew poorer still, all requests for aid- to the World Bank, the IMF, and donor nations such as Australia- were made conditional on 'economic reform.' The country must make itself more attractive to investors in the neo-liberal economy. Austerity measures. Cuts to government funding. Privatisation. Job cuts. Wage freezes. The neo-liberal reforms forced onto fragile societies are notorious for their brutality.

From the 1990s, conflict over land, unemployment and growing financial insecurity fueled ethnic violence and political unrest. The ethnic tensions stemmed from the British policy of privileging people from one island, Malatians over people from the neighbouring island of Guadalcanal. In 2000 there was a coup against Prime Minster

Bartholomew Ulufa'alu.

Australia used the unrest as an excuse to demand even harsher financial 'reforms'.

When local elites could not be trusted to force them through, they were made to cede power. In 2002 a New Zealand consultant, Lloyd Powell, was appointed by Honiara as Permanent Secretary of Finance. Powell is the head of a New Zealand company that specializes in such aid-money-funded consultancies in third world countries. One of his contributions to the Solomons was recommending that a further 1300 public sector workers were sacked.

Rising poverty and declining services worsened the unrest. Foreign companies fled the country. So in 2003 Australia (with New Zealand and some tokenistic contributions from other Pacific island states) came to help- with 2 000 troops, and police and a small army of officials and contractors: The Regional Assistance Mission to the Solomon Islands. RAMSI.

RAMSI troops have immunity from all laws of the Solomon Islands. They can not be held accountable for any actions, whether they are on or off duty.

The prisons are now managed by an Australian company. A year after troops went in, many of the 700 people arrested had still not been charged with anything. Prisoners were held in isolation for up to 23 hours a day. After prison riots in 2004, the Solomon Islands High Court ruled that conditions were illegal- but why would an Australian company pay attention to a local court?

In 2004 public servants threatened to strike, and the government agreed to grant a pay rise of 2.5%. To avoid such a disruption to the economic order- and such a dangerous precedent- a RAMSI representative warned the union leader that if they did not withdraw their pay claim, Australian aid would be suspended. They withdrew their claim.

This is what 'assistance' means: forced economic reforms, and law and order programs to help contain the violence their policies cause. But why is Australia doing this? AusAID, the Australian government's overseas aid agency, which oversees the country's role in RAMSI, tells us:

> "The objective of the Australian aid program is clear. It is to advance Australia's national interest."

How does the aid to the Solomons do this? Certainly there were Australian companies that had stopped operating in the Solomon Islands during the unrest. RAMSI's operations have quieted the violence while continuing the economic policies that make robbing the islands easily profitable. However, trade and investment opportunities in the Solomon Islands were not huge.

It's also true that, with 70% of aid funding tied to Australian companies, aid is business by other means.

Perhaps we should listen to the Australian Financial Review. In their editorial of July 23, 2005, they tell us:

"The other side of the coin, also potentially persuasive, is that if other island

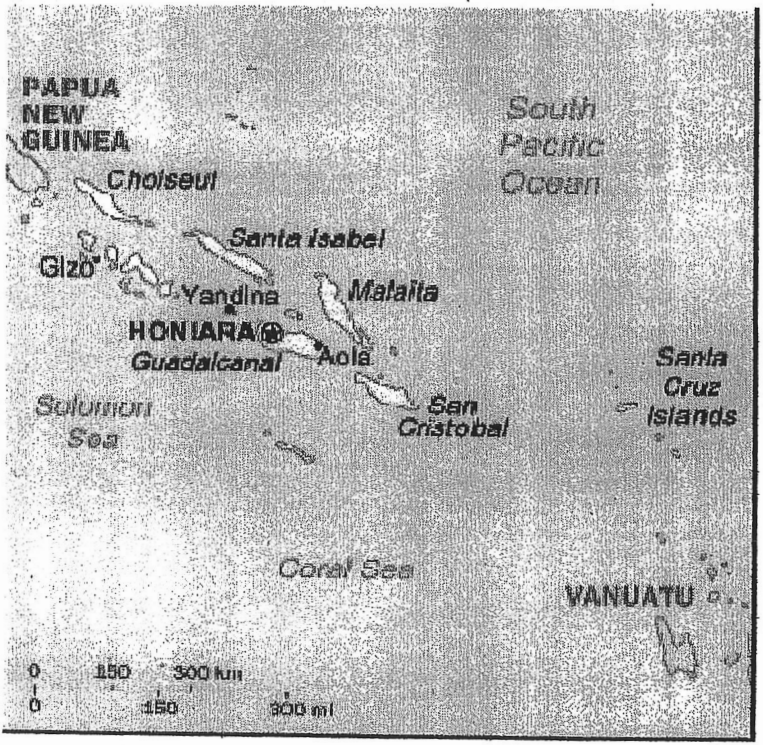
countries drift into a Solomons-style danger zone, they risk having their precious sovereignty curtailed."

And to the Defence-Department funded think-tank, the Australian Strategic Policy Institute. In a 2002 paper, they tell us:

> "For many decades we sought to protect Australia's interests by supporting colonial rule in one form or another.... Australian policy since decolonisation has consistently stressed the need to allow these countries to manage their own problems...It seems that as far as our Melanesian relationships are concerned, this approach will no longer work."

It's neither fashionable nor necessary to worry about being seen as imperialist. Australia is trying to consolidate its control over the entire region, through aid and the treat of withdrawing aid, with bureaucrats and trade agreements, and, if necessary, with soldiers. Australia will create a climate that encourages investment: at gunpoint if needs be. To force through policies that make plunder easier throughout the regions- and to deal with the social effects of these policies through more police and more jails.

Resistance is rising in the Solomon Islands. Perhaps Australia will not find its interests so easily gained.



STRINGS ATTACHED: BONO'S HEAVEN

by Zoe Roberts

Is this the face of a new ethical century?

Little has been written in the mainstream media about the redemption this hype-anointed saviour is bringing the Third World. Too busy fascinating itself making an unadventurous Christian rock star with an eye condition appear enigmatic, the mainstream press has produced virtually nothing analytical about the way the campaigns Bono orchestrates are conducted. It has simply assumed that his moral compass is pointing in the right direction. The absence of even the crudest attempt at critical scrutiny of Bono's humanitarian work is the more striking when one considers the scale of the campaigns, and the breadth of their declaimed objectives. Compassion, it seems, puts methods beyond analysis.

And yet power may easily be hidden under morality's cloak. There must be something protected by such a thick layer of compassionate rhetoric. And it is worth peeling it back to see; for beneath the rhetoric we can catch a glimpse of the kind of world that Bono is agitating for, and we can begin to learn what kind of Heaven this is to be.

Without an acute commercial sensibility a humanitarian campaign will never make it to the show – and the commercialism of Bono's latest crusade and product line, RED, is unparalleled. Armani, Amex, GAP, and Converse have already signed up to be a part of the new campaign, which is designed, as poster girl Scarlett Johansson has explained, so that "now, when I go out and buy a pair of trainers, they are not only cool, but some of the profits are going to raise awareness... you don't have to write a cheque or travel to Africa to contribute, you can help out in your daily routine".

RED is simple, striking, and celebrity endorsed, and it's been designed to have maximum impact on already compassion-sucked and commercial-soaked Western publics. Its flagship product is a new Red Amex card that donates money to the Global Fund to Fight AIDS, Tuberculosis and Malaria as you spend. The back of the new card declares: "This card is designed to eliminate HIV in Africa."

How stirring! This is how you sell compassion in a cutthroat market. But we might pause here, for a moment, and ponder exactly what the purpose of this declaration is. Is it to trigger a warm glow in the heart of its owner as the card is whipped across a counter? Or is it so that the shopgirl, looking at the back of the card to check the signature, will be impressed not only by your spending prowess but also by your philanthropy?

But we shouldn't be so cynical. As Bono said to the assembled press as he held aloft the new Amex card at its launch at the World Economic Forum in Davos in January, it really is sexy to want to change the world. And change the world he is determined to do. In his recent interview with Andrew Denton,

Bono explained that he got the idea for RED after talking to former U.S. Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin, who told him, "In order for you to achieve your end you're going to need to go after this like a major, major corporation would go after its advertising and marketing. Like a cigarette company would." Using a cigarette company as the paradigm for an ethical business strategy? Now that's changing the world.

These campaigns are about conscience consumerism, or conspicuous compassion, whatever you want to call it – buy a wristband, look cool, and save the world. Or, in the case of the RED campaign, use your American Express card to buy some rad new Converse, and Amex will generously donate some unspecified portion of the transaction to fight AIDS in Africa. As readers in one online ethical consumer forum pointed out, there are many smaller (and more principled) organisations running similar schemes already. But it's still a great idea, truly it is, and presumably Bono needed the worldwide clout of Amex to raise the campaign's profile.

Anyway, commercialism is merely the means to an end, and the end really is noble. Take for instance ONE, Bono's campaign to pressure governments to increase their spending on aid to one percent of GDP. Truth be told, Bono would no doubt agree, one per cent is overdoing it a little. The magic percentage is usually agreed to be 0.7 per cent of GDP. This is the amount that would eliminate poverty in the world forever.

And there's nothing wrong with 0.7. It's a nice little number. It's good to feel that I only have to get my government to be 0.7 per cent responsible, and the problem will disappear. It's just that there seems to be some garbling going on. Two separate ideas, that is, "more aid", and "better aid performance", are being run together as though they were one. And I'm reluctant to let that elision slide. Because I've looked at the way AUSAid spends its money, and I'm not convinced that giving it more is in anyone's interests, except maybe Australian companies looking for building or private security contracts in Papua New Guinea.

And suppose that one per cent of our GDP is absolutelypositively determined to fix poverty in Africa, but the remaining 99 per cent is produced and traded and speculated in a system that was created by and now depends on keeping Africa poor. You don't think the effectiveness of that one per cent might be compromised just a little bit?

These new campaigns rehash the same old furphies the aid industry has always used to justify its own existence. The results show that aid is working better. Suppose the mission statements of aid organisations, rather than waxing compassionate, contained the sentence: "Our mission is to render ourselves obsolete." Not one of these organisations, not the IMF, not AUSAid or USAid or World Vision, is prepared for or anticipates a moment when they themselves will no longer be needed. Isn't this the tacit admittance of impending failure? We're listening more to aid recipients about what will work and what won't. A quick glance at the line-up for any of the Live 8 concerts last year indicates just how important it was for Geldof, Bono et al to ensure Third World participation in the movement that was to 'change the Third World forever' i.e. hardly at all really. Aid that is not unconditional and untied shows

untied shows a didactic and contemptuous attitude towards the capacity of people in the Third World to make decisions about their own lives. The most important thing is for people to give more. Isn't it more important that people think about where their money is going, and that they demand accountability in their government's aid programs? And that they stop giving when aid doesn't work? Aid that is not helping the poor people in a country is more than likely hurting the poor. Aid that is siphoned off before it gets to its intended recipients makes corrupt governments harder to overthrow. Aid that does not work should be stopped.

These campaigns have existential as well as practical ramifications. In comments made last year one blogger argued that the most significant effect of the original Live Aid was not any reduction of suffering in Africa but rather its contribution to "a gradual ratcheting down of expectations, a systematic subordination of every aspect of life to banal spectacle." Live Aid, k-punk argued, persuaded us that "sonic innovation and/as political insurgency" was an excessive demand in a state of emergency, and reconciled us to agitating merely for philanthropic capital. He also noted that the constant assurances from the stage at Live 8 that the audience was 'doing something' by showing up for a concert and buying a wristband "cheapen[ed] agency in every sense". These campaigns give verisimilitude to the argument that to change the world we must accept that certain things, principle among them capitalism, will never change.

The idea that you can buy your way out of social problems with an Amex card is a product of the same ideology that brought us cost-benefit analysis. And not only this: the popularity of the campaigns, not just with the mainstream press but also across a broad spectrum of the public, suggests that behind the compassion we're all still colonials, stuck in a colonial worldview. We still think we're the answer to the world's problems, we're still bringing enlightenment to the savages, except now we're bringing them an end to poverty. We're bringing an end to the poverty that we created in the first place, not only by ripping the guts out of India and Africa for two hundred and fifty years but also by deluding ourselves that the standard of living we have come to enjoy is not balanced precariously on the backs of millions upon millions in the Third World – and by forgetting that if they stood up, we'd all fall down. We're still resting on the delusion that capital is able to be pinned down and satiated, instead of an abstract structure that relies on our collusion and our co-operation.

This Heaven gives me migraine.

YOU'RE HISTORY!
Edited by Michelle P. Brown and Richard J. Kelly
Continuum, 425 pp, $27.95

Created by the people who lobbied the G8 for Third World debt relief, and the organisers behind the Live8 concerts, this is an attempt to articulate the issue of global poverty. In that, it fails miserably.

The reader is told, over-and over again, that 30,000 people die from poverty-related issues each day, and that if the US or Europe redirected a tiny proportion of the money they spend on war, poverty could become history.

John Pilger rails against the unfairness and immorality of the way the First World spends its money and props up corrupt governments. Bob Geldof and Richard Curtis explain why they are determined to fight poverty.

There are essays that link poverty with racism, war, environmental vandalism, etc. But no one, it seems, is prepared to state that the guilty party is post-industrial capitalism, which is driven by obscene greed and self-interest. That means revolution is the only answer and none of these writers wants to contemplate such a politically incendiary course.

Bruce Elder, Sydney Morning Herald, 8-9th April 2006

World Gone Mad

by Caro

This article was written just after the racist violence that occurred at Cronulla beach on December 12th last year.

I know that many words need to be written about the terrible events that have unfolded in Sydney over the last two weeks. Not only to attempt to make sense of what is happening, but also to record the hatred and fear and pain that I've felt and that so many in this city share. So that we don't forget the real nature of what this country really is, underneath the veneer of acceptance.

I have never felt more anxious as I have since the Sunday afternoon when I watched on tv 5,000 raging anglos draped in australian flags, with their war cries of the national anthem.

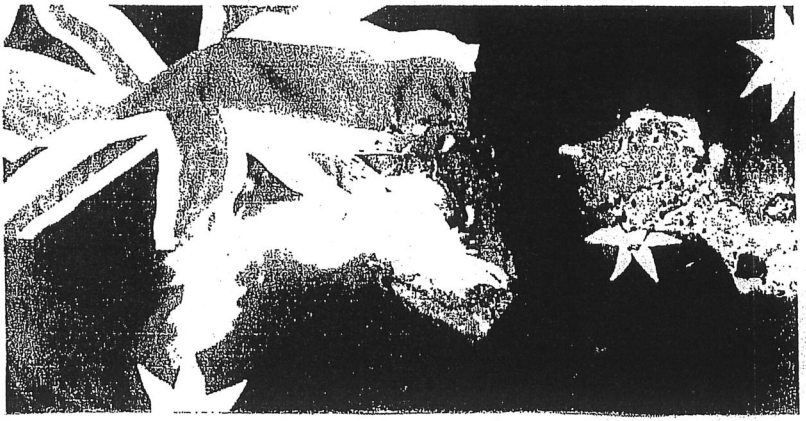
I look at anglos on the trains and buses in Sydney and more than ever, I wonder whether they agree with what that mob stood for. And I get paranoid that violent thoughts circulate about their heads throughout the train carriage. And then I remember that unfortunately, it's not necessarily paranoia, that in these times, it's a reality more often than not.

Today two adolescent anglo boys got off at lidcombe station and walked past themopen door of the train with hate scrawled on their faces and shirts. Ten minutes after a woman screamed at three asian kids talking about racist graffiti in their street, next time you fuckin talk about aussies, you better shut your fuckin mouth. This, to kids who were born in this country, yet haven't known anything else except the isolation of being not white.

Ben sent that email on Monday morning, warning against the paralysis of anger. Only today can I think about what's going on without being overwhelmed by desperation and heartache. The lack of understanding about how this can affect people in such a visceral way: this is what we've been battling over the last four days. The immediate sense of solidarity that paula talked about, that we don't have a choice in feeling, the deliberate smiles at the young woman in the hijab to let her know that we feel her fear and anger and won't take this lying down.

The sun goes down over Sydney every day with people on edge, wondering what will happen after sunset. The beach has lost its appeal for me as somewhere I want to go with loved ones. I have never felt comfortable on beaches anyway, I have always been embarrassed at being part of family or a group of asian friends down at the beach, being looked at with derision and territorialism that was never spoken to me, but always felt.

As disappointed as I have been (as many of us have) by the racism embedded in our friends and our friends' cultures, I have been also heartened by some engagements, like with marco and masa last night at the restaurant. It reminds me that there are



Proudly UnAustralian
-Azlan McLennan

good people around, and that not all of them are in the community arts sector, some of them are people who just get it.

I'm totally not up for killing off the rage inside me, what could have been incapacitating anger fuelled by images of a young woman being chased by hordes of racist homicidal fucks who ripped off her hijab. It's fuelled by the deception that I keep being sucked in by, that we should feel safe in a country that has already seen the furious nationalism of hanson, and the brutality of the cops who killed tj hickey last year.

Subliminal bigotry. That's what governs this country.

I can't replicate the frustration of not being able to articulate why I am depressed to someone who has never felt unwelcome anywhere. Nor can I forget my total disempowerment when a bunch of white trot kids could come up with short term solutions and tell me what the best thing to do was. Never before have I been so unmotivated to get up in the morning, with the knowledge of what's on the tv, what is the stuff of conversations in the city where people have never had to feel threatened because they're the wrong colour and will never understand why these kids are fuming. Will never understand that we secretly (and some of us not so secretly) want this to escalate to the point of chaos, just so we don't have to pretend anymore. That we're glad that this happened because it allowed reality to be shown. and if people like Barbara can see that, then maybe the terror and violence is worth it. If it allows us to find out who we can trust as comrades and as people who feel acutely the pain of brothers and sisters that we haven't met, then maybe it's worth it. and if it gives us an opportunity to fight back and speak openly about all the shit that we've had to cop on the chin and to, at a much later date, find some peace and heal a bit...

REVIEWS

(book) Caliban and the Witch, Silvia Federici

This book is about history. It's important reading, and it's actually fairly easy to follow. It recounts and analyses the violence of the international witch hunts perpetrated against women of the 16th and 17th Centuries and places this event within the transition from feudalism to capitalism. Federici argues that the witch hunts were an integral moment in the development of capitalism, as they cemented the oppression of women by denigrating the value of women's bodies and women's work and exerting state control over reproduction.

While this book is about history, it also gave me the feeling of the dissolution of history and any expectations of time as linear. Federici never presents capitalism as a grand plan formed and meticulously enacted. Through her focus on the witch hunts in Europe and the Americas, she instead shows how the changes that helped initiate then solidify capitalist relations were made because they were in the interests of the aristocracy and bourgeoisie of the time. How through the centuries, capitalism has relied on a repetitive and brutal cycle of oppressions and enclosures of the commons to regenerate itself.

This process of 'primitive accumulation' is exemplified in the correlating stories of the witch-hunts and colonial projects of the time. Federici also draws out the similarities between these events and the new round of enclosures that capitalism is undertaking today. With that this book will make you hate capitalism more than you already do. But in the ongoing stories of resistance that have occurred: from the heretics to women resisting their exploitation to anti-colonial struggle this book also inspires.

(Vikram)

(film) Kokoda

We walked into the theatre of war shoulder to shoulder, father and son, armed with nothing but 600mls of water, a ration of popcorn and a round of minties. We thought we were prepared. We were wrong. The onslaught of "Australian" values, gratuitous cultural bias and pro-war overtones caught us by surprise.

With a cast of unknown "aussies," (obviously all white males with crisply bronzed bodies,) the story of fighting the faceless, sadomasochistic enemy rises from the trenches of your traditional pro-war film. While the death of the Australian commander of the troops comes early, we are once again reminded that supposedly chaos will occur unless someone takes control and barks orders.

With only minor undertones of the importance of the Papuan New Guineans in supporting the Australian troops, the film falls into the seamless bunker of previous war films and history which glorify war on a simplistic level of "support our boys." Conveniently hitting the big screen a few days before ANZAC day just reinforced the nationalistic overtones.

After depleting our rations midway through the film we were all but tied to the vinyl upholstery of the cinema chairs and ambushed by a barrage of pro-war, "thank god for mateship," and "war brings you closer to fellow humans than anything ever can" rhetoric. Nonetheless, we survived, only to return from the depths of Hoyts to see copious Australian flags left over from ANZAC day waiting to greet us.

(Huevo Podrido)

(action) Student National Day of Action

April 12th was the day of the first demonstration against Voluntary Student Unionism for this year, since its passing last December.

What started out as a peaceful sit-down at Railway Square in Central, soon turned into a brawling mass of police violence.

27 students were arrested, with many more assaulted. Most students arrested were given fines for things like 'sitting on the road longer than was necessary' and 'disobey police'. Another was fined with 'aggressive littering'. Only 4 were actually charged. Around $10 000 was given out in fines that day. Pure state revenue.

We were privileged that day to have been beaten up by the new 'Public Order and Riot Squad'. A special police unit created after the Cronulla riots, which is trained

by the Australian Defence Force, and takes orders from the department of 'Counter-Terrorism and Public Order'. A perfect combination really. Don't you think?

The day earlier the police had taken the National Union of Students to the Supreme Court over the rally, attempting to stop it going ahead all together, on the basis it would 'disrupt traffic'. When they lost, this was their response.

The policing at student demonstrations has steadily increased in the past year since students have taken action into their own hands, sick of ineffectual walks around the block listening to the same old aspiring Labor bureaucrats.

The response has not been one of demoralisation to this repression, but of defiance. Students, especially at Sydney Uni, have been inspired by the pure rejection others show to the neo-liberal agenda of the University and Government.

We are saying enough is enough.

(Karoline)

(gig)
Conation, Terra Firma,, Pure Evil Trio, ScumSystemKill, Brand Disloyalty, Nothing Days

This was to be the last time I got to see Conation, one of my favourite hardcore bands. Their last Sydney show - before heading home to Newcastle the next day to play their final ever shows. With respect to that I'm not actually going to talk about the sets of the other fine bands that played this night. Oh, except Terra Firma and just to say that on the night I lost one of my favourite bands, I found a new one. I can't even remember why really. They would have been the highlight except ...

It was Conation's last show but possibly the best I've seen of them. They always struck me as never playing a bad show, like all the years together had gotten them to a point where it was easy and now their force of effort was on conveying an idea, an emotion. This night, Jenna Pyewacket's violin drifted in and out of the commotion of cutting guitars and thundering bass. It was exhilarating and uplifting. Jamie Hay stood with his guitar off the stage amongst the crowd. We danced around him. In the quieter moments when he sang instead of screamed the crowd sang with him. And I want to mention the lyrics - although words themselves are so hard to distinguish when hardcore is performed live, Conation have some of the most amazing political lyrics. Angry yes but so much more. And when they're delivered live it is absolutely inspiring.

And so they finished having played probably all of their songs, signing off on the finest version of 'I was only 19', you're likely to hear. The level of excitement this show generated for me even expelled any sentimental sadness... until the next day.

(Vikram)

(film)
The Inside Man, Spike Lee

A homage to the classic heist film (i.e. Sidney Lumet's *Dog's Day Afternoon*), *The Inside Man* nevertheless provides enough twists to make it an interesting - and slyly political - take on the genre.

After laying siege to the fortress-like Manhattan Chase Bank with the aid of cable ties and some simple painters' overalls, a group of unusual bank robbers (including a young woman and an elderly rabbi) proceed to play a very clever game with New York's (un)finest. Their motivation is not financial enrichment, but rather the very public embarrassment of the bank's founder, whose fortune was built on war profiteering during the Nazi regime. Battling against these masked assailants is a hostage negotiator and chief detective (played by Denzel Washington) who will soon discover that the biggest criminals are much higher up the food chain than he had imagined.

Despite being the most mainstream of Spike Lee's films so far, *The Inside Man* has pertinent things to say about the politics of fear in Lee's native, post-September 11th New York. That his anonymous bank robbers bear more than a passing resemblance to black bloc protestors - and that they emerge by film's end uncaught, unrepentant and with feet firmly planted on moral high ground - is more intriguing still.

(Emmy Hennings)

Mutiny was started as a group interested in exploring different ways to oppose the war at home and abroad. It was formed by people who didn't see the war on Iraq as an aberration in a system that is otherwise good. Instead we see it as part of global systems of capitalist exploitation that also affect the lives of people all over the world: systems that also affect our own lives.

While we think action is important we also want to explore different avenues of resistance. So now we are making a zine. We know that there are many radical ideas around, and we want people to write about their experiences and opinions.

We will have a new issue every month.

This month Aliencat graces our cover with its critique of capitalist work ethic. We think the cat's words are apt for this issue. After all, another May Day has passed and we join with the cat in coughing up fur balls at the non-event it was in Australia. Yet we purr with delight at uprisings abroad.

Inside this issue we cover some of these May Day events, especially the immigrant strikes in the US. Aliencat raises a paw in solidarity with aliens 'legal' and 'illegal'. Aside from May Day we also look at the situation in the Solomon Islands, and the idea of what violent protest means in Australia. Additionally, 'World Gone Mad', reflects upon the Cronulla riots and the anger generated after. And 'Strings Attached: Bono's Heaven' shows that Bono is a git. Aliencat is in full agreement.

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